

CLAWDEVIL.

[Belgravia.]

Neilson, of Joomburra, and his brother-in-law, settled old colonists now, were famous in their younger days for boldness in exploring for new country. They would set out with a small following of black-fellows whose fidelity had been tried, and be absent for a year or eighteen months at a time. Then would turn up very browned, hungry-looking, but otherwise jolly, and after a visit to the metropolis two results invariably followed: their banker's balance would be increased by three figures and two or three pioneer squatters would, before long, travel out upon their tracks, to stock and take up the eligible country they had found and reported upon. Finding good grazing country is still a profitable occupation, and is still work for brave men. These explorers are unknown to fame, but they often undergo severe privations, and comfort appalling perils.

Neilson, of Joomburra, and his brother-in-law, Julian, met with many astonishing adventures, but the one they remembered best was, as compared with some of their experiences, quite unexciting. They were approaching the verge of the settled district, and a long march of almost unknown plain country intervened between them and a certain creek which they aimed to make. A stony ridge confronted them in the afternoon, and as a satisfactory day's travel had been accomplished, the party encamped and made comfortable for the night. There was grass, and amongst the trees on the ridge something in the way of game would doubtless be beaten up.

The young men went out with their guns, strolled up and over the ridge, and found themselves amongst broken rocks, where they had hid themselves in wait for small species of kangaroo called wallaby. Soon Julian tumbled one over. The marsupial rolled down from crag to crag, and disappeared. Neilson crept round the face of an angle on the track of other game, disturbed by the echoing report of the gun. Julian descended in search of the shot wallaby, whose death-bound had given it an impetus that caused it, together with a mass of dislodged stones, to roll swift and far. It was by this reason some time before Julian had picked his way within sight of the prize. Neilson, meanwhile, had wandered off in another direction, turning the angles of the ridge.

The wallaby lay close to what looked like the entrance to a cave, and Julian, fancying he saw "tracks" around, peeped in, muttering, "Dark as a wolf's mouth," as it was. Black it seemed, as the tomb, and as silent but for the trickle of water within. Cautiously he walked into the thick darkness, and on and on for a score of paces before pausing. Ahead, he became conscious of a pale blue glimmer, and he afterwards confessed that he felt fearfully white in heart and face, as breathless, he clutched his gun, and noted that the light began to waver. If the illumination had been thrown more distinct, the phenomenon would have resembled the disc thrown upon the wall by a magic lantern. Into it, faint, like the light itself, there intruded a ghostly visage. Impalpable as was the shape, Julian could see bright eyes in hollow sockets, white, haggard, wrinkled features, and matted hair and beard.

"Hallo, there!" he shouted at last, presenting his gun. "By the Lord, I'll fire."

The supernatural appearance, as he could not deem it, faded away before the reverberations of his voice had rung themselves out, and deep darkness reigned as before. Scared, as a hundred blacks breaking in upon the midnight fire would not have scared him, Julian retraced his steps and returned to camp, much mystified.

By and by Neilson came in with a wallaby and stone plover, and to him Julian told his story.

Neilson was incredulous.

"I tell you," Julian urged, "it was a man, or an apparition. I am not mad or drunk."

"Then, Julian, my lad, we must sift out the mystery. Let us go back with something in the shape of a light, and face the devil."

So it was agreed. The bushman's lamp—a tin pot of grease with a rush wick—was fished out, and a box of matches, carefully preserved for rare occasions, found. They took their guns, sought the cave-mouth, and penetrated it until, a hundred yards from the entrance, the were stopped by a wedge-shaped termination of the passage. A pool of limpid water was near, fed by rivulets down the slimy face of the wall. The roof was about eight feet high, and of fantastically broken and gnarled soled rock. Nothing more.

"This is what the doctors call an hallucination," said Neilson. "You are in a bad way, friend Julian, and I must keep an eye on you."

"Duce a bit," answered Julian. "There is nothing the matter with me; but I wouldn't like to say so much for the haunted cave."

Over their damper, tea, and wallaby stew, and later, over the turning-in pipe, Julian kept referring to what he had seen, and finally became taciturn when he received nothing but good-humored banter from his mate.

As ill-luck would have it, two horses were driven in lame next morning, and the explorers, well satisfied with the grass and water, and doubting when they might find a more luxurious camp, determined to prolong their spell. During the night the melancholy scream of the curlew had been heard, and Neilson, after breakfast, proposed a saunter to a timbered ridge at some little distance, where he shrewdly suspected the birds would be taking their customary repose after the exertions of the night. Julian, who was the handy man with saddlery, remained in camp to repair girth and bridle. An hour or two passed, and the report of Neilson's gun was often heard, and Julian, his coddling done, took his weapon and wandered off on his own account, involuntarily wending his way to the scene of the previous evening's adventures. He was approaching the rocks through a bit of closely-wooded forest,

thick with undergrowth, when a sound startled him.

"Well, well," he said to himself, stopping, "the birds and beasts of this country make strange noises, no doubt; but if that wasn't human, I'm a Dutchman!"—adding at the top of his voice, "Hi! Who are you? What are you?"

There was no response. He turned away into a gully choked with ferns and undergrowth reaching to his arm-pits, and had not proceeded far when the human groan was repeated, on the slope to his right. It was so near that Julian could fix upon a big gum-tree as a probably safe steering-point. And there the search ended. The gum was one of those deceptive trees, which are solid to the eye, but hollow to the touch, for on the farther side there was a cavity in which four men could find shelter. One had found shelter there, and he was the author of the groans which in the out-of-the-way solitude had startled the traveler—a poor old man, who in his prime must have been a model of athletic vigor, and who even now, though his beard was grizzled and snake-like, and his hair white, and his face seamed across and athwart with crooked wrinkles, was not the description of enemy one would care to meet in single combat.

"You seem ill, master," said Julian, kneeling toward where the groaner lay in the hollow tree, into which he had fallen a helpless heap.

The old fellow turned up his eyes imploringly, and groaned again.

"Here, take a pull at this," Julian said, pouring what little grog remained in his flask into his cup. "We haven't much left, but this is a clear case of 'medical comfort.' Come, cheer up."

The stimulant revived the old man. He straightened himself out, rose to a sitting posture, took another dose of the restorative, sighed wearily, motioned to Julian to lend him a hand, and by that assistance stood upright, and stepped out into the open air.

"That has pulled you together," said Julian cheerfully.

"Saved me—saved me for the present, mate," answered the other.

By degrees he progressed from prostration to liveliness, finally throwing out his right arm and straightening back his broad shoulders, as if anxious to discover whether the leading parts of the machinery were still intact. But to Julian's request to see him on his way he returned a surly negative. He curtly explained that he had fainted, and fiercely warned Julian to "clear out."

"Look you, old man," said Julian, "you want doctoring; you want to patronize our little medicine chest. I'll go to camp, and be back again in a twinkling, if you'll promise not to move till I come back."

The old man seemed to jump at this proposal.

"Thank'ee," he said; "right. Another nip, captain, before you go."

"Certainly," answered Julian. "As I said just now, there isn't much left, but I'll leave the flask with you."

The recipient seated himself in the hollow tree, and Julian hurried off to camp, toward which Neilson was also approaching. Soon he was in possession of the main features of Julian's narrative.

"What is the man like?" asked he.

"What is he like?" repeated Julian. "He is a veritable man of the woods—shaggy, bull-necked, burly, rough. But let me whisper—he is the ghost of the haunted cave."

"Boast you are joking."

"Never a joke about it. The face of my wild man of the woods is the face I saw in the pale blue light of the cavern."

"Did you tell him so?"

"I did not. I asked him, as if carelessly, if there were any caves hereabouts, and he growled such a ferocious 'How should I know?' that I said no more."

"Turned rusty, did he?"

"Rusty and jagged as old hoop iron. He seemed tolerable grateful for the brandy; yet he is a savage, every inch of him. But come along."

"Yes, I'll go, Julian; but what I shall see, I suspect, I might put in my eye and feel none the worse for the transaction."

"Then you don't believe me?" asked Julian, angrily.

"Yes; believe you are in for another hallucination."

Julian had now the double duty to perform of doctoring the wild man and shaming his comrade, and he did both by anticipation, so confident was he. The friends in due time arrived at the tree, and Neilson roared again at Julian's look of bland amazement. The old man had vanished.

"I swear he was here," protested Julian, pointing to the ground upon which the flask lay.

"Julian, you must be looked after," the other said. "I can forgive you pitching a yarn about an old man in a tree, but when you think to convince me that he left a flask and half a glass of grog behind him, I've done with you. You're very young to go daft, Julian, but that's the time of day, depend upon it."

It was useless for Julian to protest. After all, Neilson might be right; he was going off his head. Pondering which, he picked up his flask, and accompanied his friend moodily to camp; very thoughtful during the afternoon, and very thoughtful as they sat round the evening embers. Then suddenly he exclaimed:

"I have it!"

"Ah!" drawled Neilson. "Seen something else, my poor Julian?"

"The fainting man will be found in the cave—mark my words, Neilson; and if you are game to keep me company in the morning, I'll find him!"

"Good night, old fellow; you'd better get under the blanket," said Neilson, with mock pity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Double Sufferers.

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by complication of liver and kidney complaints would give nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort, a trial they would be speedily cured. It acts on both organs at the same time and therefore completely fills the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys use it at once. Don't neglect them.

Exploration of the Sahara.

[London Times.]

Last week the French expedition commissioned to explore the Sahara in connection with the proposed railway left Paris for Marseilles, whence it will sail for Algeria. The expedition will devote its attention mainly to the country south of Wargla, which is too imperfectly known at present to enable a decision to be come to as to the precise route which the railway ought to take. The expedition is under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Flatters, who is accompanied by an efficient scientific staff of engineers and others.

They will be accompanied by an escort of trustworthy frontier Arabs. At the last meeting of the Paris Society of Commercial Geography, M. Masqueray, the Saharan explorer, gave some interesting information concerning the land of Adrar in the Western Sahara. This he derived from three pilgrims on their way to Mecca, who had been plundered in the desert, and supplied with funds by the French Government in Algiers to continue their pilgrimage. On their return they have promised to conduct the French explorer to their country. Adrar, or Aderer, presents two or three of the chief aspects of the Sahara, which is by no means the universal desert at one time supposed.

In the southwest are long bands of sand, not exceeding eight days' march in width. Adrar-Temar, the country of the travelers, is placed like a long and narrow island between two of these bands of sand. It is an almost level region, slightly elevated above the lands, which tend to encroach upon its borders. Intermittent streams are found in the country, and there are numerous towns or large villages, containing a considerable population. The three pilgrims represent their country as covered with gum-acacias, and ostriches greatly abound. The most important commercial fact in connection with Adrar is the existence at Ijil of an immense deposit of rock-salt, which, as we advance toward the country of the negroes, becomes the most valuable article of trade.

Tichu (? Tishit), some days' journey to the southeast of Ijil, is the principal market for the trade in salt, for which slaves are the principal exchange. There blocks or slabs of salt, two metres long by one broad, represent the value of a man. At Timbuctoo, a piece of this salt, the size of a sandal, will purchase a man. "We have little to offer to Europeans," said the three Adrarians, "but we have many wants, and for a long time we have obtained European manufactured goods with great difficulty." Trade, in fact, in the Western Sahara is carried on in the following way: In Morocco, especially in the south, are numerous markets supplied by England, and conducted by Englishmen or natives in their service. The goods which are sought after in these depots are cottons, various kinds of textures, powder, arms and even bur-nouses.

The religious tribes of Adrar and those who live between that country and the sea go to Morocco for a stock of these articles, and slowly return to Tishit, selling as much as possible en route. In Adrar they get rid of the remainder of their merchandise. Some return to the depots, others obtain camels and salt and proceed southward to the country of the negroes, where they exchange salt and camels for slaves. This trade is very profitable. For two pieces of cotton, 42 metres long, and value about 16s., a complete male ostrich skin can be obtained, worth in Paris from £640 to £800. For three pieces, a fine camel, or seven or eight fat sheep, can be bought. The three Adrarians proposed that a French factory should be established somewhere on the coast between Cape Blanco and Cape Barbas, thus turning some of the profitable commerce toward France, and enabling the Adrarians to avoid the difficult journey to Morocco.

Uprising of Negroes in Peru.

The South Pacific Times gives an account of a negro uprising. It says: Terrible outrages have been committed in the Chincha District. Excited at a report maliciously circulated among them to the effect that the hacendados were about to establish slavery on their estates, they met together to the number of fifty or sixty, and forming themselves into an armed band, they broke into several haciendas in the valley, murdering the proprietors, and some of the principal employees, while sacking and setting fire to the premises, after breaking up the machinery. The following are the principal victims murdered on their own estates: Senior Julio Carrillo Albornoz, proprietor of the "San Jose" and "San Rejis" estates; Senior Antonio Fernandez Prada, owner of the "Laran" estate, the Administrator of "Hoz Redonda" estate, and the engineer of the "San Jose." Don Manuel F. Prada has been wounded, and several others whose names are not mentioned, and it is feared, have fallen victims to the ferocity of these "worse than savages."

The Fish Market, Christiansia.

[The Argosy.]

In that first early morning we went to the fish market in Christiansia, an interesting and uncommon sight to English eyes and ears. The fish men and women were all seated in their boats alongside the stone pavements, shut in from the outer water by great locks. Servants and house-wives, with great tin baskets hanging on their arms, were bargaining for the day's dinner. Codfish, mackerel, eels and lobsters were in abundance.

Anchovies—or a small fish so-called—might be counted almost by the million. The fish women with their loud voices were contending with their customers—as they have from time immemorial, and will to the end—about price. Now, one made believe to go away, when a desperate shriek would summon her back, and fish and money would exchange hands, buyer and seller each looking thoroughly victimized. The sun was pouring his hot rays upon the sparkling water, in which the boats were bobbing up and down. At the stern of each boat a great bough was raised, as large as half a tree, and under the shade cast by the leaves sat the fish woman.

The greatest coquette could not have conceived a more striking effect, as the

leaves glistened in the sunshine and cast their quivering reflections over the women and their surroundings. Nothing could look more picturesque in its way. The scene was lively and enlivening; the water was full of animation; a babel of voices went on around, chattering and bargaining, interspersed with much laughter. Much of the fish was out of sight, swimming in the holds of the small boats, whence they were fished out with nets as required. These early mornings in the fish market are one of the distinctive sights of Norway, where people and customs join hands for the benefit of the traveler.

As a rule, our impressions have to be taken from the country alone. It is thinly populated, and you may journey many a mile and many a day, and thought, pleasures and experiences must for the most part come from the grand hills and valleys, snow-capped or ice-bound or torrent-swept; the wonderful pine forests, the blue skies, the rarefied air; great solitudes, wonderfully refreshing after the crowding and bustle of a great town. There for a time you escape from the world, and the mind recovers its tone and gathers fresh force for the battle of life, for the struggle upward, and onward amid the downward influences that surround it on all sides.

The Soko.

[London Telegraph.]

What was the Soko? Was it man or ape? The tribes of Central Africa all along the Livingstone River, from Nyangwe to the cataracts, declared the Soko to be a monkey, and as such hunted it and ate it. They hunted and ate men, too, it is true; but then they distinguished the one from the other, and never mistook men for monkeys. Mr. H. M. Stanley, however, brought home the skulls of two Sokos, which had been eaten by an affable chief with whom he foregathered one day, and Professor Huxley at once pronounced them to be human.

Was Africa in a conspiracy to play off a practical joke upon the great explorer, or is European science wrong in its differentiation of man and ape? The gorilla has long ago been degraded to its proper rank, and the "mum" of Sind turned out to be no nearer a man than a bear. But Central Africa has now come forward with the Susumeta, and so far as descriptions go at present this animal—or person—would appear to come as near ourselves as the Soko, for the other natives of its forests, whom we call men and women, call the Susumeta human. A European, one Mr. Auguste, of Cay, avers that he saw one killed, and has never been able to shake off the idea that homicide was committed, adding that "the animal" was as much a man as himself.

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A positive cure for all affections of the organs of respiration, the Throat, Lungs and Bronchial Tubes. The most aggravated cases of Coughs, Colds, Croup, Asthma, Hoarseness, Tightness of the Chest, Influenza and Incipient Consumption. Price 25 Cents.

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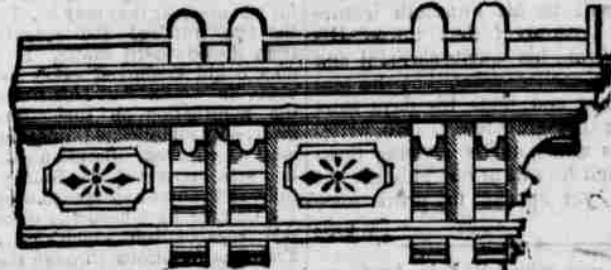
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Taken Internally. In cases of dysentery, Diarrhoea, Sea Sickness, Cholera, Croup, Colic, Cramps and Sick Headache, its soothing and penetrating qualities are immediately felt. It is perfectly innocent to take internally.

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One Thousand Dollars will be paid if they are not all Genuine.

SEVERE RHEUMATISM.

State of New Jersey. Bergen County, Township of Hackensack, ss.

Thomas Johnson, of said township, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that he has been severely afflicted with rheumatism for above a year, and was so bad that he could scarcely walk, being bent almost double, and was utterly unable to do any work. Having heard of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, he was induced to try it, and after using it a short time, was able to go to work again, after being unable to do anything for nearly a year.

T. JOHNSON.

Sworn to before me.

A. H. BRINKERHOFF, Justice of the Peace.

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Dr. Tobias—I write to inform you that the child of a friend of mine was cured of croup, after being given up to die by three physicians. One hour after your Venetian Liniment was used it was out of danger. I hope you will publish this, so that mothers may know they have a remedy for this terrible complaint. I lost a child by croup previous to hearing of your Liniment, but now never feel alarmed, as I have your medicine always in the house. I have also used it for pains, sore throat, etc., and always found it to cure.

REBECCA L. CARY.

17 North Moore street, New York.

GREAT CURE OF RHEUMATISM.

This is to certify that I had the rheumatism in my hip so I could not walk without my crutch, and after using Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment a short time, I was entirely relieved, and candidly believe it a most certain cure for rheumatism, as I have tried many things without any good, and after using the Venetian Liniment for only a few days I was well.

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From Dr. Sweet, the Famous and World-renowned Horse-doctor.

NORTH KINGSFORD, R. I.

Dr. Tobias—Dear Sir: I have used your valuable Venetian Liniment in my practice as horse-doctor, for the past five years, and consider it the best article I ever tried for bathing broken bones, wounds, lame backs, sprains, &c. I have no hesitation in recommending it to the public as the best article for all pains flesh is heir to.

Yours truly, JAMES SWEET.

ASTHMA.

This is to certify that I have had the Asthma since 1841, and have been treated by many physicians without relief. Your Venetian Liniment has made a perfect cure.

WM. J. TOWNSEND.

Fort Richmond, Staten Island.

TO THE LADIES.

Certificate of the Surgeon of the Royal Mail Steamer America.

This is to certify that I have used and recommended Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, and have found it useful in a variety of cases. It also gives unfailing relief from rheumatism consequent on mosquito bites, and prevents a mark being left.

J. A. GRAHAM, M. R. C. S., of London.

Royal Mail Steamship America, Jersey City, July 29th.

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NO PAY

If not superior to any other. The Horse Liniment is only half as strong as the Fly Liniment, and will not take the hair off if used as directed. The public appreciate it, as during the epidemic 3,141 bottles were sold in one day, as the following oath will show:

OATH.

This is to certify that I sold, on the 28th inst., three thousand one hundred and forty-one (3,141) bottles of my Venetian Liniment.

S. I. TOBIAS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this 28th day of October, 1872.

D. S. HART.

Commissioner of Deeds.

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL.

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JEROME PARK, June 21, 1877.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Horse Venetian Liniment and Derby Condition Powder, on my racehorses, and found them give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they have never failed to cure any ailment for which they were used; the Liniment when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off; it has more penetrative qualities than any other I have tried, which I suppose is the secret of its wonderful success in curing sprains. The ingredients from which the Derby Powder are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias; they are perfectly harmless.

D. McDANIEL.

From Col. C. H. Delevan.

New York, April 20, 1877.

After years of use, it gives me pleasure to certify to the virtues of Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment. It has saved the life of one of my four-horse black team. This recommendation I give without solicitation, as I think owners of horses should know its value.

CHARLES H. DELEVAN.